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WILLIAM AND ANNIE;
OR,
TALE OF LOVE AND WAR
AND
OTHER POEMS,
BY
CHARLES T. DANIEL, A. B.

OF THE COMMAND OF GENERAL JOHN H. MORGAN, C. S. A.

"A plain unvarnished tale I will deliver."

GUELPH:
PRINTED AT THE "HERALD" BOOK AND JOB ESTABLISHMENT, WINDHAM-ST.
1884.

FAL

TO THE
FALLEN HEROES OF MY BELOVED COUNTRY
THIS BOOK IS RESPECTFULLY AND
REVERENTLY DEDICATED BY
THE AUTHOR.

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INTRODUCTION.



IN offering the following work for the approbation of the public, the author thinks proper to give a short history of its composition and the causes which led to its preparation and publication. Since quite an early period of his existence he has felt what some author calls "an itch for scribbling;" in other words, has been quite a devotee at the shrine of the Muses, until the more severe studies and duties of manhood demanded his attention and energies, and his aspirations after poetic fame yielded to the sternness of interest and necessity. When the unholy crusade which the Federal States are now waging against his country (which, he believes, to be the best country on earth,) was inaugurated, he thought it his duty to enrol himself in the list of the defenders of that country against Federal aggression. Accordingly, he connected himself with the command of General John H. Morgan, the celebrated cavalry leader, whose head and shoulders, with those of his brave followers, have been made to bear an unlimited share of the aspersions and vituperations with which the Federal

press and literature teem against all portions of the confederate army. After participating in the greater part of the exploits of his daring chieftain, from the time of his connection with the service, (which was the 4th of October, 1862,) on the 19th day of last July, he had the misfortune of being captured by the Federal soldiers in the neighborhood of Buffington island, in the State of Maryland, and of being immediately incarcerated in a Federal prison where he remained until in the first part of November, when he succeeded in escaping therefrom. Being desirous to return directly to the army of his country, to elude Federal vengeance, he was compelled to come to Cambridge. Having nothing to engage his attention here, his mind naturally dwelt upon the wrongs inflicted upon that country until his thoughts took shape in the chief poem of this work. The remaining pieces, with the exception of the song, "The Girls of Garafraxa," are such as I have been enabled to transcribe from memory of the writings of my early youth. I shall neither praise or dispraise the results of my own labor, since the first would be considered as originating in vanity, and the second in an affectation of modesty, which is certainly the most odious and disgusting form of vanity. I will however say, that, as far as I have been able, I have endeavored, in the longer piece, to transcribe my impressions of life and events with truthfulness and accuracy. Though the parties are cloaked up

portions of the names, some of the occurrences will be readily
in the greater part of the names, some of the occurrences will be readily
in, from the time of the strife in the immediate neighborhood where I live,
h was the 4th of July, I flatter myself that the heart and memory of every
last July, he has given a ready echo to all I have therein
the Federal soldier with reference to my beloved State. I do not ask for
d, in the State of Massachusetts, through charity; for I feel that it would be less
ed in a Federal publication, in a young author, hopes which were
part of November, to be disappointed than to look generously into the
refrom. Being thus of his publication, and by this standard let them
country, to elude or fall. With these remarks, I subscribe myself

Your humble and obedient servant,

THE AUTHOR.

Awake

No

Alas!

Can

Benefits

But

shall to

This

And

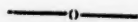
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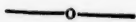
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And

WILLIAM AND ANNIE.



A TALE OF LOVE AND WAR.



Wake, my harp, thy long neglected strain,
No school-boy's fancies wait upon thee now;
Alas! I know no tones but those of pain
Can wake thy chords, and that no laurel bough
Girds thy wreath, or that upon my brow;
But tender cypress, falling sadly free,
Shall tell, oh, my much sadder country, how
This heart in quenchless sorrow yearns for thee,
And groans beneath the woes which o'er thy children be.

Most glorious Southern land, of thee I sing,
Thou art the clime of chivalry and song,
Where virtue blooms in one eternal spring,
And beauty, with her chains, sweet, fair and strong,

Fetters the heart and senses fast and long.
To thee the soul's best tributes, richly due,
Shall ever haste in an increasing throng,
Whilst birds shall sing, or cloudless skies be
To cheer thy brave and generous sons, thy
ters true.

Kind plenty, smiling on both hill and plain,
Hath granted all the goods that man requires
Rich hanging fruits, and fields of waving grain,
Neat comfortable homes, and glancing spires;
But tyrants, urged on by their foul desires,
Have sworn destruction to this lovely land,
And gloat, until their reeking fancy tires,
O'er all the ills which ruthless sword and brand
Can bring a people lifted in a villain's hand.

But, thanks to Heaven, her sons, noble as brave,
Know not to turn the back on friend or foe,
Or give dishonor refuge but the grave,
And these have sworn, the oppressor soon shall

fast and long.
 outes, richly due,
 ing throng,
 cloudless skies be
 enerous sons, thy

A freeman's arm can deal a weighty blow,
 And all her strength, from youth to hoary age,
 Hath rushed to where the crimson tide shall flow,
 As it hath flown, till history's startled page
 Shall shrink to show the fury of a freeman's rage.

hill and plain,
 that man requires
 of waving grain,
 d glancing spires
 foul desires,
 his lovely land,
 ancy tires,
 s sword and brand
 a villain's hand.

Of one of these I sing the noble deeds,
 And those of her who sent him to the strife,
 With prayers which shield him whilst his comrade
 bleeds,
 And bid him part with honor but with life.
 'Tis hard to lose a lover ; but a wife
 Alone, the deepest stroke of woe can feel.
 When Fortune, with her keen relentless knife,
 Removes the father of her babe, the heartless steel
 Inflicts a wound no mortal cure can ever heal.

, noble as brave,
 a friend or foe,
 grave,
 essor soon shall

Where the Kentucky's bright and peerless stream
 Glides smoothly as the fancies of a dream,
 Or, with its dancing waves of silvery sheen,
 Murmurs by cliffs of grey and fields of green,

Oft in the silent eve my thoughts will roam,
As memory wakes the joys I felt at home.
There flowers bloom fairest, and the birds are far
There flocks sport freely in the genial air;
There younglings of those flocks skip light and
And roses cling around those cliffs of grey.
There childhood laughs and shouts with bound
glee;
There mirth spreads broadly as a shoreless sea;
There youth are manly, honest, handsome, brave
No other wealth than as they have they crave.
They walk God's footstool with an upright tread
And view not tyrants with a thought of dread.
There maidens, beauteous as the blush of morn,
Their minds and hearts with virtuous thoughts are
Coy, hard to win, yet knowing well to bless
With sweet confiding look and fond caress—
Simple, yet cunning—trusting, and yet shy—
With arts to please the heart and charm the eye
Won but by honest deeds, they have at will
Glances to heal the heart—the same to kill;

ANNIE.

forms made complete, and features to surprise,
Brows fair, cheeks rosy, beaming, sunny eyes,
Lips dewy, tempting. Oh! what realms of bliss
here lie encompassed in one rapturous kiss!
And powers of earth and air who would not face
To gain the heaven of one warm embrace?
Must such an one our charming Annie seemed.
Her life in every act with virtues teemed,
Whilst those dark lustrous eyes some angel lent,
To charm us with their looks of sweet content,
Beamed softly, sweetly, gently all the while,
Ne'er taught to frown, but always prone to smile,
Whilst those soft lashes, drooping long and low
Beneath a forehead purer than the snow,
Served, as the trees along some desert stream,
To guard us from the orb's too dazzling beam.
Above, that forehead, rising fair and true,
Displays its fairy net work, veined with blue,
With ebon brows, just bended as the bow
When Cupid studies on a deadly blow;
Sights will roam,
Felt at home.
And the birds are far
In genial air;
The birds skip light and
The cliffs of grey.
Shouts with bound
A shoreless sea;
Handsome, brave
Have they crave.
An upright tread
Thought of dread.
The blush of morn,
Tenuous thoughts
Well to bless
And caress—
And yet shy—
And charm the eye
Have at will
Come to kill;

And soft hair, drooping like the raven's flight,
The alabaster girds with hues of night.
Beneath, a nose of peerless Grecian mould
Displays its form, not shrinking, yet not bold.
In the soft cheeks, with slightest tints of brown
Mingle the rose's hue and peach's down—
Framed as a bow from which a shaft just flew,
Her lips, bedewed with deep carnation hue,
Tempted, yet warned aloof the unholy mind,
To lust forbidding, to affection kind.
Love just could trace a new-born dimple in
That tiny, warm, and neatly-rounded chin,
Supported on a neck whose gentle curve
Descended, with a soft luxurious swerve,
To charms within those flowing robes concealed,
No painter's cloth or sculptor's bust hath e'er re-

Thus fair of face, and faultless in her form—
Each motion grace, each attitude a charm,
Kind Fortune, often in her gifts called blind,
To charms of person added charms of mind,

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 in her form—
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 s called blind,
 rms of mind,

ill each perfection, beaming from her face,
 Was therein answered by an equal grace.
 hich over all its kindling radiance threw,
 nd fixed the homage which her presence drew.
 weet, gentle, unassuming, kind,
 o thoughts of her own excellence most blind,
 et viewing, with appreciation keen,
 hat virtues could in other maids be seen,
 e never knew the deep and piercing smart
 herself had sent to many a noble heart;
 at simple, trustful, glided on through life,
 arless and heedless of its thronging strife.

 me flitted thus, until a youth there came
 esh from his well-won field of college fame—
 alwart and tall, with straight and upright form,
 step as firm as cliffs which brave the storm
 at hurls in sport the forest kings around,
 t as elastic as the tiger's bound.

 is step elastic, and this lefty mien,
 fit his noble brow and glances keen,

Which mark the man against oppression bent—
Quick to forgive, yet quicker to resent.
His lofty forehead, and his reverent bust,
Bespeak a man to man in all things just—
One that to Heaven bends a willing knee,
And bows, great God, to *thee*, and *only thee* ;
Whilst yet there slumbers in his eyes of fire
A world of love, a smouldering heap of ire,
And William bears within his manly chest
As warm a heart as beats in human breast.

Now fresh from intellectual feasts he came,
His heart subdued by no impulsive flame,
But loving every human being as a man,
And part of God's inexplicable plan,
He followed Nature in her every phaze,
And drank delight at each enraptured gaze.

But one thing wanted. He had never felt
That power which even the stoniest heart will

Man may exult in deeds of strength and power
And gain renown in his triumphal hour,

at oppression bent—
r to resent.

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nt knows not happiness till he shall feel
ne piercing stroke of Cupid's barbed steel.
is true, Love makes his warmest, coziest nest
gentle woman's pure confiding breast,
nd rests so sweetly and so kindly there,
seems a spirit from the upper air,
hat gazes through her soft and swimming eyes,
ith looks of startled joy and sweet surprise ;
Whilst some, who bear the form and face of men,
is powers defy and all his joys contemn ;
et, when a great heart, noble, proud and free,
struck, 'tis as the whirlwind strikes the tree.
reels and trembles, and, with one wild bound,
alls, pride and all commingled, to the ground,
r as the ship when struck with crowded sail,
ields to the tempest and outrides the gale.

hus William felt, when first their glances met,
ixed starts of joy, wild anguish and regret—
oy that he met her—anguish lest they part—
egret at what he deemed a wasted heart—

Keen anguish, deep regret, but man or boy
Heed not the like when swallowed up in joy.
He had been courted ; for his brilliant mind
Made parents grow indulgent, daughters kind
Favors were plenteous. Every way he turned
Some tender heart for his approval burned.
To all most courteous, gentle and polite,
His generous heart glowed with its own frank
And shed its genial warmth, nor felt till now
When gazing on that pure and peerless brow,
So calm, so spotless, and so free from strife,
The all in all, the precious end of life,
Where soul goes forth to wed itself with soul
A blissful half of a more blissful whole.

Not all the dreams of all the rhyming tribe,
If all commingled, could in part describe
His lively features' full entrancing glow,
Now all alive with joy—now dashed with woe
As his quick glances, following her form,
Noting her every grace, her every charm,

et, but man or boy
swallowed up in joy.
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gent, daughters kind
Every way he turned
approval burned.
tle and polite,
l with its own frank
h, nor felt till now
and peerless brow,
o free from strife,
end of life,
ed itself with soul
ssful whole.

e rhyming tribe,
part describe
ancing glow,
dashed with wood
ng her form,
every charm,

unk rapture as alone that man will drink
o reels half-famished to the fountain's brink.
en she first met that gaze, this page would blush
uld I attempt to paint the sudden flush
roseate tints, whose all-suffusing glow
e o'er that bosom and that throat of snow,
d even till that brow and those kind eyes
wed in one hue of sweet and glad surprise.
gained an introduction; but apart
m this he knew her. Heart had talked with heart,
d ere that festal eve had passed away,
ough there had met the gayest of the gay
tread the lively measures of the dance,
d friendship's cordial grasp and lover's glance,
ough hearts were glad, and pleasure's smiling queen
r all presided with a brow serene,
t words were breathed, and peals of laughter light,
e silver chimes, rang forth upon the night,
ilst music, with its cadence soft and long,
wed dreamily or gushed in sudden song,

No hearts than theirs more felt the deep contr
Of sweet excitement blending soul with soul.
Their rapturous feelings scarcely seemed of ea
Too full for pleasure, and too deep for mirth.
All that they knew, or longed to know, was th
Their every moment was an age of bliss.

When all is joy, the harshest blast will bring
The tempered breath of flower-breathing spring
And all our moments speed as swiftly by
As the red bolt which lights the clouded sky,
A moment flits upon the dark expanse,
Then dies ere we can snatch a second glance.
'Mid tender partings—meetings dear and swe
Their time flew on thus brilliant and thus flee
Until it brought upon it's sunny way
The blest arrival of their wedding day.

The hurry of the preparation past,
The eve begins to darken now at last,
The chandeliers are lighted in the halls,
And showers of radiance gild the snow-white

re felt the deep contrailst from the forest trees which grace the yard
ding soul with soul. e colored lanthorn's glow upon the sward,
scarcely seemed of ea teach the eye by faint attempts to trace
too deep for mirth. e gravel walks, which wind with easy grace
nged to know, was th many knolls of green and many a flower,
an age of bliss. many cosy seats and many a bower,
est blast will bring ere love shall utter many a burning word,
ower-breathing spring h as affection cherishes when heard,
d as swiftly by t half so deeply or with joy so bright,
ts the clouded sky, e spoken by the lanthorn's dreamy light.
ark expanse, e servants ranged around both stile and gate
h a second glance. merry mood of expectation wait
tings dear and swe r buggy, carriage, coach, or prancing steed,
lliant and thus flee offer ebon hands with eager greed
unny way groom the beasts, and greet with shouts of glee
edding day. d rows of ivory teeth the silver fee.

on past,
w at last,
n the halls,
l the snow-white w
w thickly thronging had been gathered there—
uth bold and gallant, maidens fresh and fair,
and fathers grey and fathers stout and hale,
y smiling dames and grandames aged and pale—

All met to mingle in the round of joy,
And drink their fill of bliss without alloy.

Then there appeared the holy man of God,
Sent to remind of Heaven's avenging rod,
Yet prone to make the trembling culprit feel
The hand which wounds hath also power to heal
With brow serene and forehead calm and high
Whilst from that mild, benevolent, kind eye,
There glows a kindling spark of heavenly fire,
To dry the fountain of each foul desire,
And the bright silver of those locks of grey
Seemed the first dawn of the Eternal Day.

They stood before him. William grave and stern
Yet full of joy, as if a gentle balm
From heaven had shed it's dew upon his soul,
To make it's every sore and wounding whole
She, gentle, trusting, leaned upon that arm
Which had been pledged to shield her life from harm
So sweet, so pure, and so intensely fair,
None in that presence could breathe aught but

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 oly man of God,
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 illiam grave and c
 e balm
 ew upon his soul,
 wounding whole
 upon that arm
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 nsely fair,
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prayer was breathed, and they were man and wife,
 ough good and ill to journey on through life.
 n came the cordial grasp, the friendly kiss,
 o wish expressed for unmixed years of bliss.
 asure ran riot. Joy, with zone unbound,
 attered her smiles and favors all around.
 e clothed himself in youth's most sportive wiles,
 d all his wrinkles overflowed with smiles,
 ilst youth, gay, frolicsome and wanton boy,
 alted as if he were drunk with joy.
 en rang the laugh, and flew the ready jest,
 ll comprehended, though but half expressed,
 d the smart saying from the witling's horde,
 pressly garnered for that festive board,
 ere, heaped in picturesque confusion, lie
 ch fruit which grows beneath the changing sky,
 ch palatable meat, game, fowl, or fish,
 ch root or herb that yields a savory dish,
 e tempting juices of the tree and cane,
 ith cakes compounded of each pleasant grain—

All those sweet products of the housewife's art, et
Most cunning keys to the convivial heart; us
And ever ready to adorn the whole, ear
The rich decanter and the sparkling bowl, han
The gay confections with the pleasant rhyme
To youth exquisite, and the heap sublime
Of frosty network, flowery and fair
Like an enchanted temple raised in air.
From dreams of rapturous bliss who would not
That makes his pillow of that wedding cake?

The supper ended, pleasure spurns control,
The charming tete-a-tete, the pleasant stroll,
The soft words whispered in the willing ear,
None but affection's self should ever hear,
The looks exchanged which those alone can read
Who bear the wounds with which the gazers bleed
The gentle pressure of the thrilling hand,
Save those who feel, none else can understand—
All these were there; but even these must end;
Lover must part with lover, friend with friend;

the housewife's art, yet though this joy hath ending, and the heart
invivial heart; must grieve o'er friends, and lovers forced to part,
whole, search where you will, earth has no spot more bright
markling bowl, than a Kentucky farmer's on a wedding night.
pleasant rhyme
heap sublime
d fair
ed in air.
ss who would not
wedding cake?
he bard may dip his pen in every hue
hich spans yon heaven's boundless depths of blue,
hen on its columns broad, and rich, and high,
od's dazzling bow climbs o'er the summer sky,
nd fix them on his page in forms more fair
han those they wore suspended in the air;
ut never e'en with faint success has tried
o point the moment when a blushing bride,
imid yet trusting, yields her wealth of charms
to the kind embraces of a husband's arms.
h the gazers bleed
ing hand,
n understand—
hese must end;
nd with friend;
ime sped away. Kind heaven gently smiled,
nd sweet enjoyment all their hours beguiled.

Business or pleasure, still it was the same,
Each heart glowed in one warm and mutual flame,
Each moment flew on charmed wings away ;
The year was spring—each month was flowery
Spring brings its wealth of bloom, May hath its flowers,
Love, too, hath blossoms in this world of ours,
And their love blossomed with a richer bloom
Than the bright rose, whose exquisite perfume,
The bearded Moslem thinks, was kindly given
As a rich foretaste of the joys of Heaven.

With lips cherubic, bright angelic smile,
Round tiny form, and many an infant wile,
That blossom lay upon her snowy breast,
So fondly and so tenderly caressed,
One well might say, that India's fairest bower
Hath not so rich a plant or sweet a flower.

The heart hath many founts, love many streams
But none more softly or more brightly gleams
In earth beneath, or scarce in heaven above,
Than the pure fountain of a mother's love.

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 weet a flower.

love many stream
 brightly gleams
 heaven above,
 another's love.

the best and warmest friends oftentimes will fail,
 and love itself will prove an idle tale ;
 but death's dread bolt itself can never part
 her offspring from the yearning mother's heart.
 It folds them gently as with angel's wings,
 and as woe darkens still more closely clings.

Thus Annie to her bosom fondly strained
 her nursing with a love which almost pained,
 through her pulses shot the wildest thrill
 of passion which no earthly power can kill ;
 and William, gladly kneeling by her side,
 his face all tenderness, all joy, all pride,
 his full heart, lacking words his lot to bless,
 overflowed in burning kiss and soft caress.
 Whilst oft the while each soft and swimming eye
 the other's met with looks of wondrous joy.

Oh ! could we chain a single hour like this
 and always revel in it's store of bliss,
 no path would have it's thorns, no brow it's care ;
 but earth would blossom so completely fair,

No wretch would seek to break his mortal bond
Or leave this earth to seek a heaven beyond.

But no. The rainbow's dazzling hues will fade
Life's fairest flowers most quickly are decayed,
And circumstances unexpected rise
To rudely rend affection's fondest ties.

A Northern mob, by envy urged along,
Deeming themselves less numerous than strong,
Though numbering as the sands beneath the sea
Now sunk to slaves, though children of the free
Have forged themselves a yoke, and meanly kneel
To place their necks beneath a tyrant's heel,
And swear that all who walk Columbia's shore
Shall kiss the rod and freemen be no more.
But the bold Southron, from his sunny home,
Undaunted looks upon the gathering gloom,
Determined, if his country's weal shall need
The shedding of his blood, to nobly bleed,
Or if his treasure must be lavished, he
Will be as generous as aught dare to be,

break his mortal bonds for the clouds which hang around his way,
a heaven beyond. The griefs which throng, but knowing not dismay.
gling hues will fade the storm-cloud gathers, and the thickening strife
quickly are decayed, calls on the patriot for his stake of life,
ted rise and only cowards shrink to seek the field
ndest ties. Where glory waits for all save those who yield,
wish to find a sweeter dying bed
rged along, man that where sleep their country's honored dead:
nerous than strong, Heaven vouchsafes to man a sacred cause
ands beneath the sea in accordance with her own just laws,
children of the free is when a freeman draws the shining steel
ke, and meanly kneels to smite the tyrant for his country's weal,
a tyrant's heel, smite the tyrant for his country's weal,
Columbia's shore fears that for her shall gleam each deadly blow,
en be no more. and sheathes it not save in that country's foe.
his sunny home, and if there be a traitor, worse than all,
athering gloom, let it be he who brought the cup of gall
weal shall need our blest Savior on the accursed tree,
o nobly bleed, a base treacherous kiss, then it is he
vished, he who at the bloody tyrant's dark command,
dare to be, lifts his false arm against his native land.

Cursed be that traitor—palsied be that arm,
That aims upon his country aught of harm.
If I were made his judge, though hell were cra
The paltry villain should be doubly damned.

Thus William felt, that whether live or fall,
His duty followed to his country's call.
A father finds it hard to leave his child,
With it's sweet prattling tongue and accents m
It's bright and rosy cheeks and smiling eyes,
It's startled looks of wonder and surprise,
And the rich nectar which he fondly sips
From the unfailing fountain of it's lips;
But harder still it is to leave that wife
Who for his sake hath yielded all in life,
Contented with his love, though all should fail
Save he, her journey through life's gloomy vale

Deep are his sorrows—deep as man can know—
But woman finds a stormier depth of woe.
No mortal power can give the least relief
To the wild anguish of a mother's grief,

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that wife
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life's gloomy vale

s man can know—
epth of woe.

least relief
er's grief,

Who sees her infant's father torn away,
erchance to fall in battle or affray,
mid hurtling death-shots, shrieks, and dying groans,
nd yells and curses, sobs and piercing moans,
r else to linger fearfully and long
ith vacant eye, hot cheek and parching tongue,
nd forehead dry and glowing like a brand,
ithout the presence of one soothing hand.
eath any time were dreadful; but oh! now
ith none to wipe the death-damp from the brow!

he felt it all, and often in her sleep
ark fearful visions through her brain would creep,
nd oft she saw in dreams of dark despair
ed, gory stream amid that waving hair,
nd on that brow, which she had loved to press
ith tender kiss and cherishing caress,
deep bright death-spot with it's crimson hue
ntrasting with a face of livid blue,
nd wildly starting from her fitful rest,
e strained her infant to an anguished breast.

The battle-field hath heaps of graveless dead,
Stark, pale and mangled on their gory bed,
Their glazed eyes staring with a stony gaze,
Unconscious all alike of blame or praise ;
Their brows cold, stern, and blanched, as fixed
In the last look of an undying hate,
And rigid hands clenched in a vengeful grasp
As if the foe were in their icy clasp.

There wounded men are parched with quenchless
Till shrieks and sobs and moans will wildly burst
And the most stony heart is sadly wrung
By the low accents of the trembling tongue,
Which gives with the last pulse of ebbing life
The tender message for the widowed wife ;
Or by the hardened wretch's anguished groan,
Who shrieks in terror from the dark unknown
Whilst the poor wounded steed maddened by
Tramples his master on the slippery plain,
As stung to agony each plunging blow
Scatters alike the brains of friend and foe.

of graveless dead, where poverty and pomp together steep,
 their gory bed, forgotten sorrows in eternal sleep,
 with a stony gaze, and rank's gay tinsel marks the wreck of life
 none or praise; among the debris of the ruthless strife.
 blanched, as fixed there a being in the form of man
 on hate, who can unmoved the sickening aspect scan,
 a vengeful grasp who, to gain himself a lordly place,
 on clasp. in scourge with slaughter thus the human race?
 is not a man. No creature's name will suit
 call the *thing*. 'Twould scandalize a brute.
 shed with quenchless these doth William weep; but not a tear
 ans will wildly burn, sigh hath he to give to thoughts of fear,
 sadly wrung and each such moving sight but nerved his heart
 stumbling tongue, bear in future strife a sterner part
 pulse of ebbing life and teach the tyrant's self to keenly feel
 widowed wife; the gaudiest plume invites the surest steel;
 anguished groan, and knowing not *his* fate gives them to know
 the dark unknown the brave man strikes not a defenceless foe.
 ed maddened by and, merciful, and ever apt to wield
 slippery plain, his arm to ward a stroke from those who yield,
 ing blow
 friend and foe.

He rode unmoved where danger's fearful sway
At one fell blaze whole columns swept away,
Yet mark his dark eyes' gleam, his bosom's swell
As his brave comrades, with a deafening yell,
Heedless of glancing steel or leaden rain,
Charge where he leads across the reeking plain
Till panic-stricken by the fearful sound,
The foe in trembling terror yields the ground.

He that hath stemmed the wildly rushing tide
Will feel his chest expand with manly pride;
The miser's eye emits a dazzling gleam
When realizing fancy's fondest dream,
Great heaps of jewels, gleaming like a sword,
Contribute to adorn his shining horde;
The lark rejoices when it's tender wing
First learns to soar and it's young voice to sing
But naught can match the pulse's maddening thrill
When in the thickest of the wavering fray,
The crested squadron, from some woodland's side
Leaps forth upon it's fierce resistless charge.

danger's fearful sway, then comes the gleam of steel, the ringing shout,
 muns swept away, the stunning clash, the halt, the wheel about,
 gleam, his bosom's side the second clash—then sounds o'er all the cheer
 th a deafening yell, victory rolling on the startled air.
 or leaden rain, the bloodless hearts whole years of sluggish bliss—
 oss the reeking plain the hero only craves one hour like this !
 fearful sound,
 r yields the ground

the soldier's life, though hardships stalk between,
 th still it's merry hour, it's joyous scene.
 wildly rushing tide on the march, with grief nor care oppressed,
 with manly pride ; ad rings the laugh, quick flies the ready jest,
 zzzling gleam searching near and far the thirsting eye
 dest dream, nks in the changing hues of earth and sky,
 ming like a sword, the gloomy forests and the waving grain,
 ining horde ; the towering mountain and the stretching plain,
 tender wing the humble cottage, the imposing dome,
 s young voice to sing the house of God, the farmer's tidy home,
 pulse's maddening village marked by day with gleaming spires,
 ne wavering fray, night by the bright glow of cheerful fires,
 a some woodland's the mind wandering from what things we see,
 resistless charge. dams of what *has* been and of what *shall* be.

'Tis sweet at evening's balmy hour to feel
Thoughts of forgotten joys around us steal,
Till memory from her enchanted store
Surround us with the dearest dreams of yore.
Then will the sternest brow unbend a while,
And the most haggard face will yield a smile,
Pale sorrow will discard her load of care,
And Hope will gild the features of despair.
'Tis then imagination's halo bright
Sheds o'er the future it's unclouded light,
Wakes the dull visions from their slumbers
And points a pathway paved with stones of gold

Oh ! often thus, when, day's routine complete,
The toil-worn soldier rests his weary feet,
He seats himself beside some limpid stream,
And smiles at hopes with which his fancies teem
Or with his comrades round the cheerful blaze
Again performs the feats of other days,
And his eyes glisten as his lips will tell
How this one bravely fought, that bravely fell

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ow partial beauty smiled upon his band,
and the white 'kerchief waved from whiter hand.
hus hours unnoted swiftly glide along
did tales and laugh and jest and social song.
most various the themes of song and story,
or now they tell of love, now sing of glory,
ntil the cheek's full flush, the bosom's swell,
test the power of music's magic spell.

is wonted silence William seldom broke,
ad then but of his country's wrongs he spoke,
ad when to song he once was sorely pressed,
hese thrilling words gushed from his heaving breast:

THE SONG OF MORGAN'S LEGION.

"Boom, boom. Hear ye the deafening crash,
As our brave and fearless band
Chase, with a wild hurrah and dash,
The Yankees through the land?
The vaulting saddle is our home,
Our chamber the welkin wide,

And where'er dangers darkest roam,
There we are bound to ride.

“ For liberty or death we fight,
And woe to those who dare
To wake our carbines' flashing light,
And wait the deadly glare.
Our home beneath the tyrant's hoof
Groaneth in direst pain ;
But let his minions stand aloof
When we shall come again.

•
“ Our chieftain, brave as desert king,
Roameth where'er he will,
And we but wait his clarion's ring
To bound o'er vale and hill.
Our guerdon is the fair ones' smiles,
Which shine along our way,
And we for them despise the toils
Which face us night and day.

“ To horse !—To horse ! The bugle's call
Inviteth to the field,

arkest roam,
o ride.

fight,
o dare
ashing light,
glare.

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nes' smiles,
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The bugle's call

And we must meet both shell and ball,
Or to the tyrant yield.

Hark ! Hear ye not the ringing shout
Of those who *will* be free ?

Our glory is the Yankees' rout,
Our watchword Victory !"

their swelling hearts kept measure as he sang,
and when he finished, deafening plaudits rang,
and oft they begged him to begin again,
and burst these words of mingled joy and pain :

THE SOLDIER'S FAREWELL.

Alone. Alone. It is a solemn sound,
And sad as darkness on the sea,
Yet at this heart's each wild impulsive bound
Alone is echoed back to me.

Though often dearest friends are forced to part,
Though often broken true love's tie,

Still as each parting wrings the bursting heart,
That heart could almost wish to die.

“ Full many are the vows that I have breathed,
Full many parting words have spoken,
Yet as to thee, my heart's hot cauldron seeth
‘ Farewell,’ I thought that heart had brot

“ But time will bring a change. A change, I
To wipe away this lingering sadness,
A change, as sunshine on the shaded slope,
To turn my sorrow into gladness :

“ For I, perchance, shall see thy face again,
Thy smile will drive away my fear,
That smile which, chasing for each rising pain
Hath made thee more than doubly dear.”

Fond man, thy buoyant hopes are nursed in vain,
That face will never smile on thee again,
That gentle form is crumbling into mould,
Those eyes are lustreless, those cheeks are cold

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those lips are bloodless, and that thrilling hand
ve's warmest touch no more can understand ;
that heart which blessed thee with each gentle breath
th wildly burst—it's throbs are stilled in death.
e lacked not friends, and many a tender tongue
eathed thoughts of sadness o'er a heart so young,
gentle, sweet, and peerless taught to be
miliar with life's crushing agony.
e knew he did his duty, blamed him not,
or wished him on his name to leave a blot,
ved his bold courage and unflinching stand
battle for their common native land,
ied hard to smile, though sorrow rent her heart,
at sobs *would* burst, and scalding tears *would* start.
bind the lion with a wisp of grass—
stay the whirlwinds as they madly pass—
quell the demon in whose time of ire
elds, dwellings, forests, mark his track of fire—
pet the asp, then offer to control
the fierce pulsations of an anguished soul.

Love, anger, grief, all passions, weak or strong,
Exult in music and find vent in song,
And those who passed that way might often see
That mother rapt in woeful minstrelsy,
As lonely bending o'er her darling child,
By turns she burst in tears or sadly smiled,
And they who heard, in heart were deeply wrung
For half in words and half in sobs she sung :

THE LULLABY.

"Sleep on my child. No father's voice is near
To fill thy infant heart with words of cheer.
Sleep on--sleep on; thy charming tricks and w
Have now no power to win a father's smiles.

"Sleep on—sleep on. I cannot bear to see
Those eyes in question pleading turned to me.
Sleep on—sleep on. Thy breast is free from ca
God shield thee from the woes this bosom bears

The stream will wear the mountain, and the pla
Of constant grief will chase health's bloom awa

s, weak or strong, that lithe and graceful form grew thin and frail,
in song, that face grew wan, that rosy cheek grew pale,
ay might often see painful tremor crept into that voice,
minstrelsy, those gentle tones once made each heart rejoice,
rling child, and burned consumption's spots, red, fixed and bright,
sadly smiled, and gleamed those mild eyes with it's feverish light.
t were deeply wrung, foes prevailed so that no word could come
a sobs she sung : William to his loved and cherished home,
BY. could the woeful tidings reach *him* how
ease had settled o'er that loved one's brow.
r's voice is near
words of cheer. I in that hour could she but fondly rest
ming tricks and w at fevered temples on that faithful breast,
father's smiles. Ild that frail form but feel his gentle clasp,
t bear to see at shadowy hand his warm yet tender grasp,
ng turned to me. I could she note the softness of that eye
ast is free from ca ming with quenchless love—'twere sweet to die !
s this bosom bears thus were fearful ; yet she sometimes slept,
ntain, and the pld friends who to her bed on tiptoe crept,
ealth's bloom away d mark upon her face a happy smile
olissful visions did her dreams beguile,

Whilst joyous jestures seemed to welcome home
Her faithful wanderer, to no longer roam.
Dear Annie, could'st thou but have longer dreamed
And known not that which was, but that which
Thy heart had missed it's saddest taste of woe
In this dark, dreary vale we tread below.

Amid her rapturous dreams a blinding flash,
Foul sulphurous fumes, the musket's deafening
All burst upon her senses. She was wild
And shrieked by turns for husband and for child
Nor knew of comfort till with failing breath
That lovely form grew motionless in death.

Murder had been committed. Armed men
Who do the tyrant's will, and care not when
In the same house an unarmed man had bled,
Nor reeked the presence of the dying bed,
And she had deemed her William's noble frame
Had been the object of the villain's aim,
And felt more anguish from a stranger's fall
Than if it was herself received the ball.

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om youth to age our fancied ills we find
 e worst and most harassing to the mind,
 whilst ignorance of ills that are, will leave
 tent of mind when we have cause to grieve.
 am on, deluded man, nor seek to know
 y dark and dreadful heritage of woe.

essenger there came who told it all,
 th more to strike with terror and appal
 an my poor grieving muse could ever tell.
 s! that agonizing tale was told too well.

'st ever, when thy throat was parched with thirst,
 til thy tongue and lips in blisters burst,
 ere the red sun glared forth from brazen skies,
 w groves and streams in bright succession rise?
 d did'st thou rush thy feverish limbs to lave
 the luxurious freshness of the wave?
 as sad to find, when fainting on the strand,
 y streams were salt, thy groves were hills of sand.
 en felt thou misery; but not the gloom
 youth whose hopes are blighted in their bloom.

He shed no drops, and yet the searching few
Who passion's burning lines distinctly knew,
Grieved that he had not power in brine to steep
Those sleepless orbs. It were a joy to weep ;
For those who saw his haggard cheek, fixed eye
Those lips compressed, that brow pale, stern and
Could plainly read that joy had fled and there
Had perched the ruthless vulture of despair.

He never smiled, and seldom spoke. His dream
Of bliss had vanished ; yet a startling gleam
Shot from his sunken orbs when'er there came
News from the battle and it's murderous flame
That generous eye, with kindness once elate,
Knows now alone the withering glance of hate

Cursed tyrant, who for foul and selfish ends,
The fiercest foes hast made from worthiest friends
Beware! The best-spined shaft will oft rebound
And strike the man who aimed it to the ground
Beware! The dagger hid beneath thy vest
May find a scabbard in that guilty breast.

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llions of those of whom thou could'st have made
ends truer than the best Damascus blade, [worse
w curse thy name. Beware. 'Their thoughts are
an others' threats. A blow is in each curse.
e time will come when thou shalt dearly rue
e countless hosts thy mad ambition slew.
ready now o'er many a reeking plain
o nations weep their myriad heaps of slain ;
t heavier still thy minions yet shall feel
e riving force of the descending steel,
re swiftly will the hurtling death-shots fly,
ll piercing shrieks shall rend the midnight sky,
d still unnumbered livid corpses gaze
spectral dimness on the moon's cold rays.

and selfish ends,
from worthiest fri
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ed it to the grou
eneath thy vest
guilty breast.

revel in thy gilded halls nor know
e rending anguish of a nation's woe.
like up the dance, for music's cadence sweet
drown the sound of mourning in the street.
ough heart-strings may be torn, the ready tale
victory can still the widow's wail.

Expend thy spoils at wassail and at rout,
Those that want bread can learn to do without.
And yet beware—If thou wouldst fell a tree,
Guard well thy strokes—it may recoil on thee.

Now signs of preparation rise in camp,
And there is hurrying to and fro—the tramp
Of warsteeds, fierce and eager for the fray,
And shouts of men more eager far than they.
Again the color flushed that blanched cheek—
Again those rigid lips, unbent to speak,
His ready orders, given calm and clear,
Sound like forgotten music to the ear,
That long had thirsted for that voice. A smile
So long a stranger, wreathed his lips the while;
But crept not to those eyes, whose fierce stern gleam
Gleamed with the brilliance of the meteor's blaze.

His garments, late neglected, now were gay,
As if he decked him for his bridal day.
In troth, it was a noble sight to see
That form so proud, so manly, and so free.

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his pants of bluish grey, his coat the same,
With cuffs and collar trimmed with cloth of flame,—
on either breast a row of balls of gold,
A sash of scarlet doth his loins enfold,
Whose fringe encounters boots above the knee,
Which spurs embrace bright as the rippling sea.

A pair of polished pistols weigh his belt,
and sword so bright its brilliance could be felt,
Whilst shades o'er all with fear-inspiring gloom,
his dark sombrero, and black flowing plume.
The boldest that had seen him thus arrayed,
Would pause ere he made trial of that blade.

his men, their chieftain view with looks of pride,
for well they know, that where the battle's tide
flows swiftest and most fiercely, none will be
more fearless or more terrible than he ;
and well they love to note, amid the storm,
that calm clear voice, and that undaunted form,
and each one grips his rein with eager greed,
to try the mettle of his prancing steed.

Devoted men, ye little dream that night,
Where now ye stand, shall hide a fearful sight !
A stranger who with honeyd words had come,
Was scarcely missed, before the rolling drum
On every side was heard, save where the deep
Broad Cumberland rolled by the craggy steep.

Treason had done its work. Full well they know
They soon shall meet an overwhelming foe,
Yet he looks close, who in that hopeless band
Can note the tremor of a single hand.

Each wordless stood, until their leader spoke,
And with these words the deathlike silence broke

“ Go, seek the foe, each man who thinks to yield
You see there is no exit from the field.
Who have to live for find it sweet to be.
Go, save your lives—mine hath no joy for me.
But if aught ask for me, tell them my pride
Was, that my friends should say, ‘A brave man

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Yet none went forth ; but each one sternly said,
They sought with him a common dying bed,
For wished for music o'er their last repose,
Gave his bright steel descending on his foes.

till there was one with children and a wife,
For whom his comrades begged him for his life ;
But hot tears started as he shook his head,
And to their prayers in earnest accents said :
To tell my offspring none shall have the power,
That I proved false in danger's sternest hour."
Though still they pressed, and though the tears still
came,

He shook his head,—the answer was the same.
And there was one, a bright eyed fair haired boy,
Who lacked his fifteenth summer's crown of joy,
His doting mother's only pride,
Gave one an elder brother by his side,
Who pledged his faith to still her anguish wild,
To bring again to her, her darling child.
And now he begged him by the love he bore,
That mother in the happy days of yore,

To take himself from hopeless strife apart,
And not to break that fondling mother's heart.

"Nay, brother, I am only weak and young,
She needs thee more. Thy frame is hale and strong
But if you stay, my brother, kind and true,
I will remain to live or die with you."

Again that brother pleaded, and again.
Alas! alas! he only urged in vain.

"'Tis very sad to think on," William said,
"That things beloved should find a gory bed;
But though *we* needs must die, surely at least
We will not sacrifice a sinless beast.
Turn loose the steeds." He spoke, and heartsore
Drove their best friends unto their fiercest foes.

There be who laugh when I would call a friend,
The steed who staunch and faithful to the end,
Hath borne me on the march and through the storm
Where fortune seemed to play at bowls with life

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William said,
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And firm and dauntless underneath me stood,
Mid cannon bursts upon the field of blood.
Laugh on, thou heartless dolt, those soldiers free
Would never seek to find a friend in thee.

Full time for readiness had they. The foe
Approached as certain of an easy blow,
And slowly set his confident array,
As the fell anaconda slimes his prey,
Whilst eager for the hopeless contest stand,
Yon small, but fearless and unflinching band.
But first there came a courier, who proclaimed
Terms fair as unto captives could be named,
And order for surrender, and he bore,
Contained in writing what he spoke before.

The paper William took within his hand,
And pressed it to the hilt upon his brand.
"Tell him who sent it, that my trusty steel
Longs thus into his heart its way to feel."
Then turning to those warriors tried and true,
The herald said, "Brave men, ye are but few"—

He spoke no more, but sudden exit made,
Each threatening hand upon a hilt was laid,
And then, perchance, was heard a muttered curse
Had he remained it might have still been worse.

This scene transpired, they had not long to wait,
For as the sudden burst of smothered hate,
Or as the towering castle's rumbling fall,
When torrents undermine the massive wall,
Or when the heaven-capped billows shoreward bore
Each other chase with hoarse and deafening sound
The foe rushed on them. As the planted rock,
That iron-hearted few withstood the shock,
And as at the first crash we scarce can know,
If rock or wave most staggers at the blow,
As each o'er other in succession rise,
Just so the mingled combat rends the skies.

First roll the volleys with their sulphurous stream
And then the serried bayonets' bright gleam
Advanced, until aloft like lightning played,
The swift gyrations of each polished blade.

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Then swift and swifter yet the blows they pass,
Till tempered steel was rent like glass;
And as the combatants more closely pressed,
The ground was heaped with many a cloven crest,
And the assailants every effort foiled,
In sullen fury from the strife recoiled.
The victory was not bloodless, or complete.
Those furious ranks shall yet more sternly meet,
And even now full many a gaping gash
Attests the vigor of that fearful crash,
And two pale grey-clothed corpses plainly show,
Their strife had been with no defenceless foe.
That husband-father lay upon the plain,
Surrounded by a heap of hostile slain.
A bayonet had thrust him through the heart,
Just as he cleft the owner's head in part,
And sinking low upon that bed of death,
Both yielded up at once their hostile breath.
If for one's native land to die is sweet,
Tis sweeter when the foe is at our feet,

And as the weapon glides from our frail grasp,
We hear the music of his dying gasp.

That tender boy, whose young and gentle face,
Just glowed with every youthful charm and grace,
Lies stark and cold, on high-heaped corpses laid
Yet has he not released his scarlet blade.

Look on that countenance so fresh and fair,
Can death have placed its awful signet there?
He looks as he had lain him down to sleep,
In dreamless peace upon that ghastly heap,
And they who see dread lest the spell should break
Fear not. Who sleep like him can seldom wake.

Again the combat opens. Louder still
Resound the volleys and the war-cry shrill.
"Yield, rebel dogs," the charging phalanx cry.
"Not whilst a tyrant breathes," the stern reply.
On!—on! As vultures to the carrion press,
That few enfolded in their stern caress,
Till closed again they falter in dismay,
As when the jackal claims his loathsome prey.

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hort was their halt, for, weltered in the dust,
each second hand, whose sabre was its trust,
and most were bleeding--all were faint and weak.
gain they rush, their hoarded hate to wreak,
and do a vengeance on that fearful steep
for theirs who slumber in a dreamless sleep.

he lordly tyrant of the desert wood,
When once he learns the taste of human blood,
though fearful to attack mankind at first,
low hunts his pathway with a quenchless thirst.
o those rough men, with passions wild and fierce,
flare on their foes with looks which almost pierce.
and now they mingle. Many a hand well tried
alls weak and nerveless at the owner's side,
and what was once a bright and manly eye,
Will call the raven from the morrow's sky.
till on they came, and still the height they gained,
till, save their cherished chief, no soul remained
to lift on high his slaughter-dealing hand,
and prove the valor of that fated band.

It hath been proved. Where each his decade
They lie—an isle of grey amid a sea of blue.*

Death shuns who seek him, but will come uncalld
To palaces whose courts are triple-walled.
Thus William sought him in the thickest strife
Yet through the havoc bore a charmed life,
Till now, companionless, he proudly stood
As some lone monarch of a fallen wood,
Which grandly lifts on high the only form
Of all that forest which could brave the storm.

It was a noble sight those saw that day
Who swarmed around as wolves about their prey
His left foot planted and his right thrown back,
He seemed as firmly rooted in his track
As the fixed oak, and yet he gazed around
As doth the tiger when he stoops to bound.
His left arm falling lightly by his side,
His right extends, until the crimson tide

* The reader is perhaps not aware that the military uniform of the
of the Confederate States of America is grey, whilst that of the old
States is blue,

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 mson tide

ows down the blade unto it's very hilt,
 d with it's dripping stains the hand is gilt.
 ound his front in semicircle sweep
 s foes. Behind, the river rolls, and frowns the steep.
 e meanest hound will chase the flying prey,
 t he is staunch that baits the stag at bay.
 Come on, ye murderous thieves!" he taunting cries,
 d gleams of splendor issue from his eyes.
 Haste, servile minions—glut your savage will—
 single arm defies your utmost skill.
 me, cowards, come; mine is a harmless blade,
 d timid children with it's edge have played."
 spoke. One stouter, bolder than the rest,
 pped forth. The steel descended to his chest,
 d with a dull and heavy leaden sound
 s brawny form descended to the ground;
 t ere his comrades started from surprise,
 e fresh-stained sabre gleamed before their eyes.

ilitary uniform of the
 philat that of the old

"Come on," he said, "my friendly wand's light sweep
 th only steeped his weary frame in sleep,"

Then, leaning forward, with a sudden stroke
Another's windpipe in a twinkling broke,
And ere their glance could follow where it fled
His blade in lifted readiness they view.

His victim uttered with his fleeting breath
A gurgle and a groan—then sank to death.
“He takes it hard—indeed I meant no harm—
I only tried the sinews of this arm.”

Then further cried he, “Hath this host no foe
Whom I can bribe this worthless life to end?
And as he wished no further stroke to ward,
Withdrew his weapon from its constant guard

That host had wavered, but when this they saw
Their sudden rush knew neither rule nor law
But ere they reached him, other two had paid
Their bloody tribute to his active blade.

Vain are his rapid strokes—his skill is vain—
Their solid numbers bear him down again,

h a sudden stroke
inking broke,
follow where it fle
s they view.

fleeting breath
sank to death.
I meant no harm
his arm."

ath this host no fr
thless life to end?
r stroke to ward,
it's constant guard

when this they s
ther rule nor law
ther two had pair
ctive blade.

his skill is vain—
a down amain,

d as his form unto the brink is pressed,
gleaming points are sheathed within his breast.
backward—as he spurned them—to the wave
headlong plunged into a watery grave.
ward they crowd. Each for his person gloats.
there it is. No; 'tis his hat which floats.
g—long they gazed. No other sign was seen,
e a red stream adown the rippling sheen.

went as many go—without a stone
tell their virtues. His were widely known,
d each who knows him, when his fate he hears,
ll sadly dash away unbidden tears.
t, weep not, friends, for those who bravely die,
serve your tears for them that meanly fly.
ese dwell in lasting infamy, whilst those
ect them monuments of smitten foes.

o for their country bleed no wages claim,
ve the rich guerdon of untarnished fame.
is need hath fallen to the dauntless few
o on that leaguered height their weapons drew.

They need no monument. They hold a part
Far higher—'tis a grateful nation's heart.
Their bright example like a flame shall spread
'Till none shall yield save over heaps of dead,
And our young nation, like the phoenix,* spring
From cleansing fires on swifter, loftier wings.

* The phoenix is a fabulous bird, of rare plumage, of which the
thought there existed only one at a time. It was supposed to disappear
whilst another of the same kind, but glowing with the freshness
sprang forth from its ashes, thus perpetuating its existence by a
succession of like changes.

ANNIE.

They hold a part
nation's heart.

flame shall spread
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FUGITIVE POEMS.

MY DESTINY.

Rolling onward—rolling ever,
Like a deep and rapid river,
Downward, downward to the sea.
Urged by fate, which none can sever,
From the spring of Fortune's lever,
Thus the stream of life with me.

When upon my bark I'd rest me,
Sorrows round the heart have prest me,
Whispering tales of darkest woe,
Whilst my mother's words that blest me
When an infant she caressed me,
Bid me onward, onward go.

Onward from my childhood balmy,
When that mother's soothing calmed me
If the fever bade me groan,
Till old age, so chill and clammy,
Bringeth Death, swift as the chamois,
Me to claim and make his own.

But there is a star to guide me,
And a friend to stand beside me
As I hasten to my doom—
As adown the stream I glide me,
And with shielding hand to hide me
From the terrors of the tomb.

I have also friends to aid me
If my conscience should upbraid me,
Or aught else should cause to mourn
Ay, those friends had oft delayed me,
And upon my pathway stayed me,
Sought I not so bright a bourne.

LEILA RUNELL. A SONG.*



them talk of the pleasures of childhood
 When the flush of enjoyment is high,
 I love beyond flowers and wildwood
 The charm of a swimming blue eye ;
 the wildwood, with all its fair flowers,
 can the heart-stirring rapture ne'er tell,
 which awoke at a glance through its bowers
 from the eye of sweet Leila Runell.

re are those who rejoice in bright fountains,
 Where the light dancing rainbows do play,
 , like them, I can fly to the mountains
 Which pillow the god of the day.
 n brave the fierce storm proud careering,
 With the lightnings its fury that swell,

g can be sung to either of the following tunes, to-wit: "Thou
 ed the spirit that loved thee."—"Do they miss me at home?"—
 on, or 'The Old Arbor-tree.'

And the thunder's hoarse curse without fearing
Be they braved but for Leila Runell.

For those eyes have been turned on me kindly
And those cheeks have been flushed at my
Till I cherished—how wildly and blindly !—
That loveliest gem of my choice.
Other breasts may more charmingly heave then
Other busts with more beauty may swell,
But with joy and with gladness I'd leave them
For the heart of my Leila Runell.

Though the hermit may melt in devotion
As he bows at his favorite shrine,
Though his soul hath the depth of the ocean,
It yieldeth no passion like mine ;
For my heart hath a love-light more holy
Than e'er burned in an anchorite's cell,
And it's incense is offered up solely
At the altar of Leila Runell.

A TEMPERANCE SONG.



Away, away, with your liquid fire,
And your draughts of sparkling wine,
But give me the crystal water drawn
From the cavern's sparry mine.

The drunkard may boast the boisterous joy
That bids his pulse to stream,
But let me sip, as a sinless boy,
Where the rippling waters gleam.

I would not drink though a golden bowl
And a tankard of pearl were mine,
The wine-vats of France are less dear to my soul
Than a drop where the pebbles shine.

Then away, away, with your liquid fire,
And your draughts of sparkling wine,
But give me the crystal water drawn
From the cavern's sparry mine.

TO R * * * * *

—o—

'Tis not alone from age to age
To live in fame on the deathless page,
Can wake from out their dreamy rest
The pinioned thoughts of the poet's breast;
But we sometimes dream of a bower of love
Like those where the angels dwell above,
And our visions burn, and we long to soar
To that realm of peace on a fairy shore,
There to bask in the smiles of her we love
On that beautiful shore, in that home of the
Though flowers a lawn in beauty array,
Though a garden be blooming as Eden's first
Whilst diamonds shall scatter the palace's gl
And zephyrs flit by on wings of perfume,
To me in that dwelling no pleasure could be,
Wert thou not content to partake it with me
If thou wert not there to give strength to the
The air would seem tainted with odors of he

* * *

age
 thless page,
 dreamy rest
 the poet's breast;
 of a bower of love
 ls dwell above,
 we long to soar
 a fairy shore,
 s of her we love b
 that home of the
 beauty array,
 ing as Eden's fire
 er the palace's gl
 s of perfume,
 leasure could be,
 partake it with
 ve strength to the
 with odors of he

But with soil made of iron and skies made of brass,
 With gales gathering sulphurous fumes as they pass,
 Though that desert hath nothing of beauteous or
 fair,

Twere as heaven itself if *thou* wert but there!

THE SOPHOMORE'S SOLILOQUY.

All men seek themselves to please—
 Some delight to take their ease
 As or Jones or Arthur. Aye,
 Some love good whiskey, as John Y.
 Some love to fill a hungry maw
 As Phelps with beef-steak done or raw,
 But other goods I could forego
 For one good thing—it is Goodloe,

AN INCIDENT.

— o —

I saw a culprit trembling at the bar,
And he was sad and penitent, and tears
Were in his eyes, and sobs broke from his
His face was young, and wore a childish look
His form was fragile, and it wildly shook
With mingled grief and shame. Then came
Of human shape, in female garments clad,
Who stood before the judge and took an oath
And kissed the Book, and swore he was a
No tear was in her eyes—no sigh escaped
Her lips—her brow was stern—her voice was
Yet people said she was his mother.

He was convicted, and the stern decree
Of rigid justice doomed him to be thrown
Into a gloomy dungeon, there to lie
And expiate his crime in company
With wicked men of every shade of guilt.

ENT.

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no sigh escaped
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s mother.

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The judge was merciful, and accents sad
Were mingled with the sentence. He deplored
The hard necessity which drowned the hopes
Of one so young in lasting infamy,
And said that he was grieved, and vastly grieved ;
But when he would have kindly tempered law
With mercy, *she* (?) replied and interfered
With cold, high words and stern upbraiding speech ;
And *yet* they said she was his mother.

GENIUS AND PLODDER.

Genius and plodder both are worms
Who draw from learning's leaves their milk.
Dull plodder but their shape deforms,
Whilst genius spins them into silk.

F A R E W E L L .



And must I speak the word "Farewell"—
That word which burns the lips that speak
And makes the uttering heart so swell,
It's own deep heavings almost break it?

Ah yes! For thou wilt soon depart,
But yet shalt cling within the chambers
Of my so fondly doting heart
As o'er the oak the vine that clammers.

That lonely heart hath known full well
The sound so chill and harshly grating,
As o'er it's chords a cold "farewell"
Hath swept it's stroke, discord creating.

My soul's stirred fountains, too, could tell
How from a maiden once I parted,
Had whose soft hand not pressed farewell,
I now were dying broken-hearted.

L L .

"Farewell"—
The lips that speak
So sweet,
Must break it?

Depart,
The chambers
That clammers.

Full well
Shall grating,
Farewell"
Sound creating.

So, could tell
Parted,
Said farewell,
Parted.

Then give the breast whose gentle swell,
As to my own 'tis closely pressing,
Heaves from it's depths a warm farewell,
And soothes it's sadness by caressing.

With those sweet lips which seeming fell
From bright Elysium's happy bowers,
Whose tender touch imprints farewell,
And tints the grief-marked cheek with flowers.

Thus when the slowly-tolling bell
Shall tell that I have passed earth's dangers,
May I receive a true "Farewell"—
At least from friends, if not from strangers.

THE HOUSE WHERE I WAS BORN

—o—

My childhood's home ! My childhood's home !
How dear, how sweet, that spot to me !
It e'er shall haunt me if I roam
O'er rolling land or billowy sea.

The house where I was born ! The house where I was born !
Thrice cherished are those humble walls,
Which echoed once my infant glee ;
But ah ! how changed are those dear halls
They are not what they used to be.

True, I fall many faces meet
Of those of yore I loved to greet,
But friendship now's not half so sweet
As when I roved with merry feet,
About that well loved house—the house where I was born !
Life's fairest hours have flown away,
And the child that once was young and gay

I WAS BORN

My childhood's home
That spot to me!
I roam
My sea.

House where I was
The humble walls,
The glee;
The those dear halls
Used to be.

Let
To greet,
If so sweet
Merry feet,
House where I was
Gone away,
Was young and gay

To manhood's years fast hastens on—

Oh heavens!—my childhood's days are gone.

Old Time has touched both heads and hearts,

The first has turned to grey,

Some of the latter torn in parts,

And some has worn away.

A sister's soul has floated on,

A brother's and a father's gone

To the bright realm of endless day;

And now my soul, left sad and lone—

Aye, friendless and forlorn—

In grief must mourn o'er pleasures gone.

Oh! I could weep it's depths away

O'er the house where I was born.

TO JENNIE.

—o—

There is a music in the voiceless air,
A melody the silent woods among,
A joy to wander where the ring-doves pair,
To wonder whence our new-born feelings sprang
When life is innocence and love is young,
For then the lightsome heart delights to sing
Such strains as first in Eden's bowers were sung
Whilst youth and hope with untold raptures sang
To joy's empyrean on swift unfaltering wing.

Truth, modesty, and virtue, each are gems
Which loftiest monarchs might rejoice to own
As brightest in most dazzling diadems,
And but the pure ingenuous alone
Possess the virtues which adorn a throne ;
Whilst all of these concentrated are in thee
As unto all who know thee must be known,
And those who love thee join this prayer with me
“ Such as thou now art, Jennie, may'st thou ever be.”

THE SHAMROCK.* AN IRISH SONG.

— o —

AIR—" *The Soldier's Dream* "

The Shamrock !—Old Erin's green Shamrock !
 The glory of mountain and plain !
 We'll drown the bright leaves of the Shamrock,
 And drink to old Ireland again.
 Then fill we the bowl richly foaming
 With spirits bright sparkling and free,
 Wherever on earth I am roaming,
 Sweet Ireland, I'll drink unto thee.

The home of O'Connell and Emmett
 And thousands of such who are gone,
 Awakens a love without limit,
 In every dutiful son.

Irish Catholics celebrate the 17th of March as the anniversary of the death of their patron saint, St. Patrick, who is said to have been condemned to drink poison and when the sentence was executed, it is said he dipped the leaves of the shamrock in the poison and blessed it, when it became innocuous and he was allowed with impunity. The shamrock is a three-leaved plant, nearly identical with the clover, and peculiar to Ireland. On St. Patrick's Day the ceremony of drowning the shamrock is performed by dipping the leaves in spirits and drinking them.

Although he may wretchedly travel,
And wander from clime unto clime,
No spell from his heart can unravel
The fancies of youth's joyous prime.

Although he may gaze with emotion,
On beauties of tropic and pole,
That bright little isle of the ocean,
Yet reigneth supreme in his soul.
Then fill we the bowl, richly foaming,
With spirits bright sparkling and free,
Wherever on earth I am roaming,
Sweet Ireland, I'll drink unto thee.

THE GIRLS OF GUELPH.*

— o —

When I begin to sing this song,
 'Tis not to please myself;
 But just to yield the homage due
 The lovely girls of Guelph.
 When I behold their glossy hair
 Done up in nets or curled,
 Them I am tempted to declare
 The loveliest in the world.

CHORUS.

And when I see their jaunty caps,
 Their dresses neat and gay,
 I have to hide my eyes for fear
 They'll steal my heart away.

I love to note their lively talk,
 To hear their cheerful voice,

This song was written after the introduction was in press.

And there is something in their walk
To make the ear rejoice.
For there is music in the fall
Of lightly stepping feet,
As, lithe and joyous, large or small
Go tripping down the street.

CHORUS.—But when I see their jaunty caps,
Their dresses neat and gay,
I have to hide my eyes for fear
They'll steal my heart away.

Then let the world go as it will,
The wise will happy be,
And I of bliss will drink my fill,
As long as it is free.
So whilst I'm stopping in the town
I will not seek for pelf;
But that I may not win a frown
From any girl in Guelph.

CHORUS.—For when I see their jaunty caps, &c

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.



In youth, two cherished passions glow—
 One fraught with joy, and one with woe.

Love lifts its bold attractive light,
 And beams through the expanse of night,
 Bright, rosy, beautiful and fair
 As flames of glory gathered there,
 So bright its dancing columns are,
 Each blaze a sun, each spark a star.

As insects tempted by the blaze
 Of beauty's keen and dazzling rays,
 We too are prone (poor witless things)
 To fly too near and scorch our wings.
 How often, when most blest we seem,
 We find that but the meteor's gleam
 Has led to a more dismal shade,
 Our hopes destroyed, our trust betrayed!

Not so with friendship's calmer ray,
Which sweetly smiles upon our way
In fortune's hour and danger's day.
Oft when a dark and gathering gloom,
More awful than the shadowy tomb,
Hath whelmed us in it's deathlike state;
When love itself is drowned in hate,
And madness, in it's withering stain,
Hath almost steeped the reeling brain,
Sweet friendship, like a fairy, comes
To raise for us enchanted domes,
Waves once on high her wand of white,
The day-beam dawns, and all is light.

Then trust not to love's flitting beam,
Which sports on hope's deceitful stream
Awhile, and promises to stay,
And ere we turn is flown away;
But rather court the cheerful glow
Of friendship, calm and sweet as even,
Which seemeth doomed to bud below,
Yet cannot blossom but in Heaven.

LINES

WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD
STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.



It was a bleak and cloudy day
A pretty child had gone astray.
The lightning wished to snatch a kiss
From one so beauteous and so gay;
It seized one rapturous smack of bliss,
And kissed the tiny thing away.

THE WARNING.



She that in man her trust reposes,
May thread awhile a path of roses;
But, underneath the flowers spread
A wily serpent hides his head.

DO I NOT LOVE THEE ?



Do I not love thee ? Ask my soul
Hath it a single thought
Which bows not to thy sweet control,
By love's omniscience taught.

Love thee ? Ah yes ! My heart's best
From tenor to deep bass,
Make music at thy gentle words,
Moved by thy spirit's grace.

Say, are the stars true to their tryst,
And to the queenly moon ?
And would I leave thee ? Well, I wist
They'd leave her train as soon.

Say, do the flowers love the sun,
Or feel his cheering ray ?
Then, would I lose thee, darling one ?
Nay, sooner *him* would *they*.

E THEE ?

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My heart's best
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Well, I wist
as soon.

he sun,
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darling one ?
they.

Doth the refreshing flowret's bloom
Cheer the industrious bee ?
Yet sooner from it's rich perfume
He'd turn than I from thee.

THE CHALLENGE.

—o—

Said John to Bill the other day,
I'll beat you, it is flat,
Just let me try what pleases me,
I'll beat you bad at that.

Ah, yes, I know you can, quoth Bill,
The other day we tried
The only thing that e'er pleased you—
To see which one out-lied.

TO THE INFIDEL.

—o—
Rash mortal, who, puffed up with pride,
Would'st Heaven's majesty deride,
Hast thou explored the tide which flows
Beneath the frozen polar snows,
To prove God's goodness doth not shine
Amid the splendors of the surging brine ?
Or hast thou faced it's angry swell,
To hear the tropic storm-bird tell
That He is all devoid of power
Who rules the tempest's vengeful hour ?

Presumptuous man, say, can'st thou throw
Across the heavens yon matchless bow ?
Can'st thou, in thy dark hour of wrath,
Direct the simoon's wasting path ?
Or can thy puny efforts stay
The lightnings on their stormy way ?

*Then may'st thou, man, the clod, compare
 With Him who hung the globe in air—
 With Him who rules in boundless bliss
 Ten thousand brighter worlds than this!*

EPITAPHS.

ON AN OLD MAID.

Here lies a woman, lived single her life,
 No vows of love could then shake her,
 So when Beelzebub looks for a wife,
 She'll suit, and we think he will take her.

ON AN OLD BACHELOR.

A fellow's grave in this spot you here view,
 Who shunned all the women, (dod rot him,)
 We long had thought him the devil's own due,
 And now the "nigger" has got him.

MY DREAM.



If dreams always speak true, my dear,
Why then in truth 'tis you, my dear,
That I will likely marry.

I dreamed I saw two bubbles thrown
Upon a bright and sparkling river,
One was thy heart, and one mine own—
There sweetly doomed to float forever.

But ah!—the brightest dreams will fade—
Rich laurels wither—
Oft Hope flies to some darksome shade—
We know not whither!

DISAPPOINTMENT.



'Tis sad to love and not be loved ;
 But yet, a keener, deeper smart
 It's lasting pungency hath proved
 On many a noble, trusting heart.

When hopes we once have madly cherished,
 Have, like the rainbow's glories, perished,
 And drowned their bright but fleeting forms,
 Like them, amid the wreck of storms—
 When favors which we deemed our own
 As drift upon the tide are thrown,
 And smiles, deemed more than heavenly fair,
 Become as wanton as the air,
 The soul, aghast o'er trust betrayed,
 Views with dismay each flower and blade,
 Once fresh and blooming, turned to dust,
 And quenches worship in disgust.



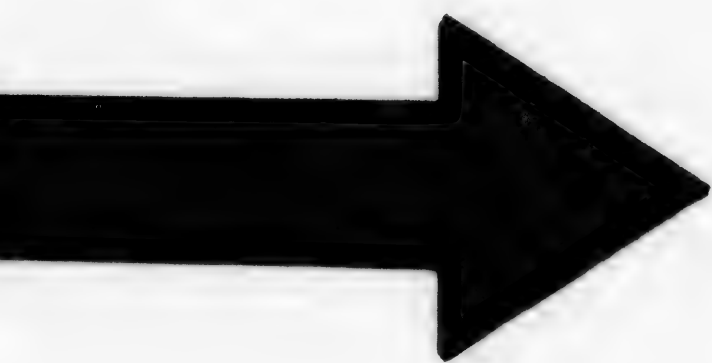
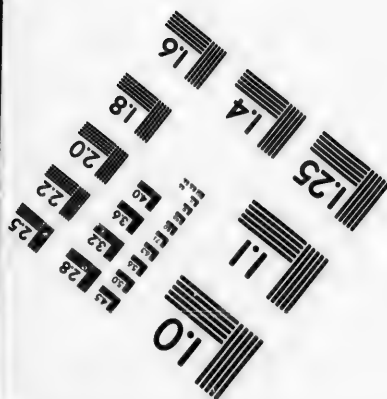
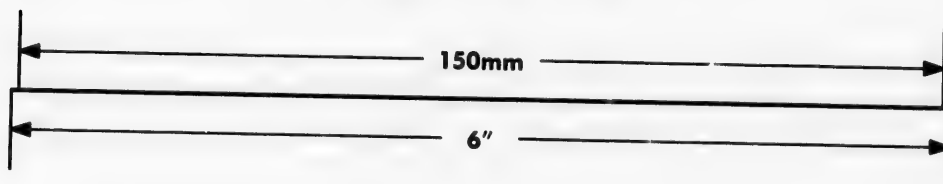
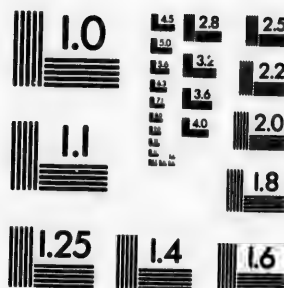
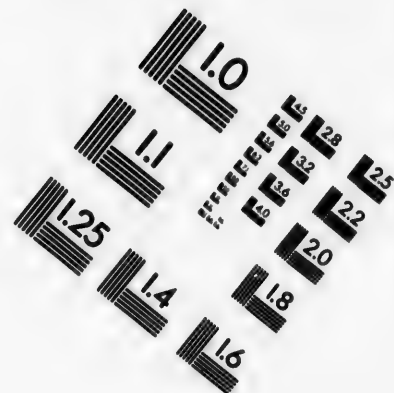
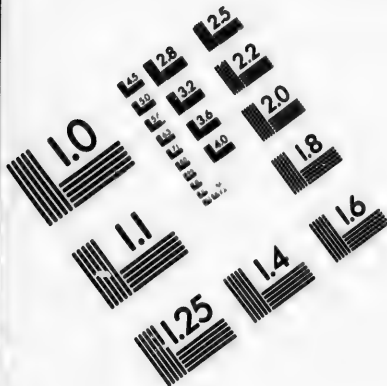


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It is as if a sweeping wave
Should overwhelm one in a gloomy cave,
Where toads and lizards creep in flocks,
And serpents line the slimy rocks,
And leave him there in rayless night,
Without a torch or match to light !

Life yet remains, but no relief
Can soothe its unremitting grief.
The ringing shout of joyous youth,
The generous smile of love and truth,
The rapid flight of happy hours,
The birds, the trees, the fields, the flowers,
The breezes murmuring gently by,
But mock its woe—'twere sweet to die.

The wretch immediate struck to death
Feels pangs, to his, how faint and narrow !
Who draws a more extended breath,
Yet sees the poison on the arrow.

LINES

WRITTEN ON THE LIKENESS OF A BEAUTIFUL
YOUNG LADY.

—o—

I o'er thy face could spend my days
From one each night to next at one,
Did not, sweet maid, our raptured gaze
Grow dim from resting on the sun.

AN ACROSTIC.

—o—

Lady, once thy name could move me ;
In my heart's bright bowers then
Zephyrs played and bade me love thee ;
Zeal can not urge me thus again.
In my soul a breach is cleft—
Eyre of it's eaglets rest.

TO MATTIE.



I wandered where the waving sedge
Hung beautifully tipped with dew
Along a purling streamlet's edge,
As if to catch the passer's view.

The water-lily's gaudy charms
Shone too upon my wondering eye,
And, bulrushes whose stately forms
Majestically rose on high.

But none of these gave half the joy
Of one small flower my gaze that met.
It shunned each breeze that sought toy--
Sweet, tiny, modest violet.

Hence showy things shall charm me never
Whilst present memories are mine;
But this shall be my anthem ever:
"Hail Modesty, thou nymph divine!"

Returning thoughts that pleasant hour
Have often given to my view,
Till now I find the charming flower,
Sweet friend, daguerreotyped in you.

NELLY. A SONG.

Green, green is the sod of the valley,
Where my Nelly's loved form doth low lie,
No grief with her soul can now dally,
It has winged it's bright way to the sky.

Then there let the loved one sweet rest her
In peace by the murmuring stream,
For oh! how Heaven has blest her,
To wake her from misery's dream!

TO AGNES.



When we the sun rich-gleaming view,
It's brilliant light grows dim, yet dimmer ;
But when, sweet girl, we look on you
At every glance new beauties glimmer.

As, if between two looking-glasses
A person or an object stand,
From each to each the image passes,
Thus forming one unending band ;

So you in vain attempt to smother
Each virtue, each delightful grace.
Thrown from your soul, they seek the other
Bright mirror—that your charming face.

But bubbles, when their fair forms gain
More beams of brightly budding beauty,
Quite soon dissolve in gentle rain,
As if this were each fair thing's duty.

Then let this be of thoughts thy first:
 Improve what virtues God has given,
 That you, whene'er life's bubbles burst,
 May shed your airy soul to heaven.

GOODNIGHT.

"Goodnight—goodnight." It is a pleasant sound,
 Though often used with thoughts of sadness.
 How prone to make the wearied heart to bound
 With feelings of remembered gladness!
 It brings the mind to thoughts of other years,
 When purer, holier motives bound us—
 It steeps the eyes awhile in transient tears,
 Then lo! our childhood's scenes surround us.

Dost not remember, when thy tender tongue
 First bathed itself in words of prayer,

How, kneeling by thy bedside oft and long,
Thy mother pleaded for thee there ?
Dost not remember when she left your bed,
Ere she withdrew those eyes of light,
She kissed you—you embracing said,
“ Oh, mother, mother dear, Goodnight ?”

Hast thou a loved one whom thy soul can claim—
Whose every heart-string, turned to yours,
Vibrates in music at your cherished name,
And thence it's richest accents pours ?
Dost not remember when thy pleasant stay
Hath seen the stars begin their flight,
As tremblingly within your arms she lay,
She whispered sweetly, “ Love, Goodnight ” ?

Well may we revel in the dreams of youth,
It's darling hopes we well may cherish,
For there enshrined in love and peace and truth,
Each dear remembrance cannot perish ;

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But yet shall well up in the desert heart
 Those waters pure and fresh and bright,
 No other spell could half so soon impart
 As friendship's cherished word, Goodnight.

L O V E .

Doth there bloom in grove or bower
 A beauteous and sweet-scented flower,
 In whose very breath is power ?

Yes, there doth.—That flower is Love.

In the city, in the wildwood,
 In old age, in youth, in childhood,
 Everywhere, a thing so mild should,
 Gentlest maiden—there blooms love.

If you meet a boy called Cupid,
 Whether he looks bright or stupid,
 Or as if he had been duped,
 Shun his glances—it is love.

Guard thee from his tiny arrows,
 Although they seem but made for sparrows,
 When his bow he greatly narrows,
 Larger game are struck by love.

Is there that which you can never
 From my inmost bosom sever
 Whilst shall flow my life's red river ?
 Dearest Fannie, it is love.
 Then I wish I were his dart, love,
 I would pass each other heart, love,
 But I would make *thine* smart, love,
 Then, in truth, we *both* would love.

THE WITLING.

There is a man who needs to learn,
 But were he wise would know it ;
 The would-be wit wins but contempt
 From him he calls " The Poet."

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TO ANNA. A SONNET.



I sometimes dream of honor and of glory,
And both of these desire for Anna's sake,
For her, content to toil till time is hoary,
For her, to leave the tempest in my wake,
To trap the lion's cub or tame the snake,
Careless if I but win her single smile,
Though all the world with frenzied scorn should quake,
My feverish temples burn, my racked bones ache.
'Tis true, I cannot trudge the weary mile,
Nor have I learned to till the fruitful soil,
But I have noted well the graceful rhyme,
That fairy music from some distant isle,
And therewith blend thy name to last sublime,
Unworn by winter and untrenched by time.

THE GIRLS OF GARAFRAXA. A SONG.

— o —

AIR—"The Girl I left behind me."

In coming to this land of snow
From one which is more kindly,
I could not tell which way to go,
But cast about me blindly,
Until I found with glad surprise,
That Lincoln could not tax the
Bright rosy cheeks and smiling eyes,
Of the Girls of Garafraxa.

CHORUS—Then ye who love to loudly boast,
Of beauty's proud galaxy,
Come fill the bowl--we'll drink a toast
To the Girls of Garafraxa.

I came—I saw—'twas sweet to learn
Kings cannot win all beauty,
But I myself am free to yearn,
With all a true heart's duty.

KA. A SONG.

And though I cannot sing a song
Like Bryant or like Saxe,
I yet could rhyme the whole day long
To the Girls of Garafraxa.

CHORUS—Then ye who love to loudly boast, &c.

And now determined I've become,
If I can make the weather,
To coax one to go with me home,
In wedlock's binding tether.
But then agen, I dinna ken,
For I hae got a tickle
Frae ae sweet lass—a bonnie frien'—
Ane whilk I met frae Nichol.

CHORUS—Then drain the bowl, an' dinna fret,
Or say I'm growing fickle,
For whiles there's drink I'll no forget.
The lass I met frae Nichol.*

I cannot vouch for the correctness of the Scotch in the above, as my acquaintance with that language is only casual.

T O * * * *



Think not the strongest love will last,
When too severely tried.

The ridged oak totters to the blast,
And flint is crumbled by the tide.

The bust another's arm enslaves
Cannot be clasped by mine.
With one that varies as the waves
My soul will not combine.

The head which weights another's breast
Can never rest on this ;
The lips another's lips have pressed
To mine can bring no bliss.

And yet I scorn to seek relief
From pangs conferred by thee ;
But still will smile and bear my grief,
With inward drops of agony.

TO LILAH.



This heart ne'er gave to foe a place
Until I saw fair Lilah's face.
I saw. 'Twas but a single glance,
Yet never was a stroke of lance,
Or cast of dart more swift and true,
Or passed it's aim more fairly through.
That heart had stood a target-spot
For many a well-aimed deadly shot :
But interest often,—often pride,
Had turned the well-aimed barb aside ;
Till now it entered manhood's prime,
Unscathed and all untouched by time.
The twig which bends when zephyrs blow,
May snap, and none it's fall will know,
But all the forest feels the stroke,
When lightnings dash the storm-beat oak.
Had it but fallen when fresh and young,
Ere grief its tender nerves had strung,

It then had been no noble deed,
To make the stripling tyro bleed.
But thou hast fought and conquered well,
As he who feels shuns not to tell,
But yields content to love's sweet pain,
Since art and valor both are vain,
To ward the spell of light that lies,
Sweet Lilah, in those dark bright eyes.

SECOND LOVE.

Some have said that when delivered
Of first love the heart is shivered,
But believe, believe them not ;
For when other eyes are gazing
On our own, and we are grazing
On other charms, those are forgot.

Thus the bright and tiny birdlet,
 Though her warmest blood is curdled
 By the deed of some rash boy,
 All her young so cruel slaying,
 To some greener bower straying,
 Soon eclipses former joy.

Thus the brooklet, brightly gleaming,
 Stopped by ruthless dam whilst streaming,
 Sobs it's little self to sleep,
 Whilst it's heart, though sad with grieving,
 Dreams of vengeance dire is weaving,
 And soon makes a livelier leap.

Thus the bow, when, closely bending,
 It nearest comes to rudely rending,
 At this time springs strongest back,
 Thus the heart, when nearest breaking,
 In itself most strength is waking,
 But weakens when it's chords are slack.

A PICTURE.



My fair can match in Beauty's court
The brightest bud that blows ;
See, Love has limned her form in sport
With lily and with rose ;

Till now he sought the violet's hue
To tint that matchless eye,
Whose sun-lit well of heavenly dew
Would tempt a king to die.

And then he shore the garden sun
Of half its golden beams,
And bade them o'er her shoulders run
In ever rippling streams.

Now piled two heaps of drifted snow
Upon that peerless breast,
Soft pillows for his tender brow
In times of sweetest rest.

I thought that bust would lose its mould,
If by this arm once bound.

I clasped. Within the passionate fold
It grew more full and round.

I thought that cheek would bloom less fair,
If nestled close to this,

I pressed it, and I found that there
It bloomed in fresher bliss.

The roses from those lips one kiss
Of mine I feared would sever.

I sipped from that sweet cup of bliss,
Left rosier now than ever.

Those liquid eyes, you well may know,

I thought my sight would dim,

Yet they, as we in passion grow,

In richer lustre swim.

Now who would find a sweeter lass,

Must roam this wide world over,

And, when the last clime he shall pass,

Must wander still a rover.

A S O N G

SUPPOSED TO BE SUNG BY A MEXICAN POET ON THE EVENT
OF THE AMERICAN INVASION.

—o—

Oh! what a land for poetry and dreams,
Where every morn and every twilight teems
With beauty, whilst from every chapparal bough
A warbler flutters as on springtime's brow,
And ever rises in spiritual strains
The unsung music of her matchless plains!
Here age sees rainbowed in his glistening tears
The boyhood's sports which charmed his ears
Again he leads the hacienda dance, [y
Again he learns to couch the trembling lance,
Again he woos the maid by moonlight sheen,
Again his steed o'erleaps the broad ravine.
Ah! who can bear to live, when scenes like these
Have ceased to move—nay, e'en have ceased
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But if the pleasant landscape's plea you spurn
Lo! where on high your country's mountains lie

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She should have found you in her time of woes
 As firm as these—she finds you soft as those,
 Arise, ye sons of Mexico!—be brave!—
 Who slumbers longer is a willing slave.
 Arise!—a stranger's step pollutes your shore!—
 Arise, and strike, or dare to rise no more!

It is enough. The minstrel's song is ended,
 And softly dies it's cadence through the vale,
 But with the breeze it's stirring words are blended,
 And still it murmurs in the pregnant gale.

A M O T T O .

Kind words once spoken leave their trains of light
 As comets in the beamless arch of night;
 But unkind ones, as freshets, leave behind
 Their heaps of drift upon the furrowed mind.

THE TEAR.



I would I were a tiny tear,
To glide adown thy flushing cheek;
For oh! the pressure I would make
Would be so sweetly light and weak!

I would not leave my resting place,
As many foolish drops would do;
But steal unto thy ruby lips,
And sip their heavenly nectar too.

Oh! I would sit so softly there,
You'd let me stay and kiss fore'er;
From you such sweetness should I catch,
I could not seem a naughty tear.

THE END.

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